

Hand of **HELP**

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DUMITRU DUDUMAN
FOUNDER



Answered Prayers



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Prayers Heard



The Patrascanu family situation immediately reminded me of a passage of Scripture in Genesis,

21:17: "And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is."

Sister Firuta had called me to share of the loss they had recently endured. After every couple of words she would get in, she had to pause to fight back the tears. Their only cow had problems during labor and could not be saved. I tried to calm her the best I could, and told her to gather her husband and children and pray for this situation. In hindsight, I believe it was a prayer full of faith, in which they cried out at the top of their lungs.

The following day I set out to



assess their family's situation. Marian and Firuta are a young couple with 8 children. Marian's father is brother Dorin Patrascanu, the pastor of the local church. As we walked into their small yard, their 7 year old daughter turns to the mother and asks, "Where is our cow?" We were in awe of the faith of

Prayers Heard

this young child, who had strongly cried out to God the evening prior, and believed that the Lord would deliver a cow to their doorstep the very next day.

There is a lesson to be learned from this experience. Our faith needs to be in such a manner, a strong faith that leads us from praying and crying out, to the expectation that our Father will move on our behalf.

Verse 18 in the same chapter of Genesis continues on: "Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation."

Now is the time to get before the Lord and lift up our children, whether they be young or old, to believe and stand on His promises through the critical circumstances of our life and to allow His voice and the word found in Isaiah

41:10 to resonate in our mind and heart,

"So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand."

Thank you for all those who have kept our cow project in their prayers, allowing God to work through you.

Pastor Mircea Boldea Sr



“Where Needed Most”



These words are often found written somewhere on the letters and checks that you send in. It may seem like a trivial thing, but to us, it is not. We do not take these words lightly nor do we take your trust for granted. On the contrary, we are humbled by your trust and strive for frugality in every area of the ministry. It is difficult to trust what passes for ministry nowadays, especially given the oft-repeated abuse of said trust.

It is one of those unmentionables, one of those things most chosen to sweep under the rug, but we are witnessing abuse of funds in ministries throughout the world, and ignoring the issues won't make them go away. Sadly, what it does, is it



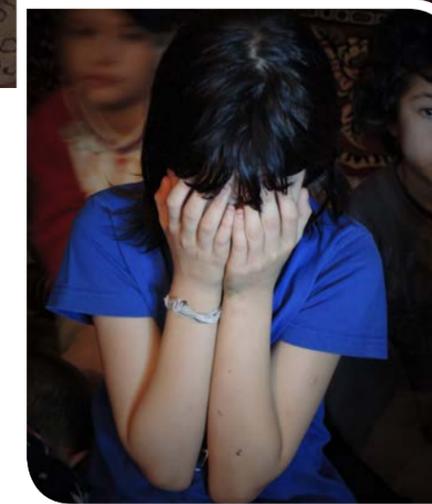
“Where Needed Most”



encourages those who see the gospel as a means of gain and filthy lucre. Many have dragged Christianity through the mud and tarnished their own testimonies for the sake of money.

From 28-million-dollar headquarters of ministries in the rural South to entire campuses and chapels, built by donor funds, being torn down right in our small Wisconsin town, to stories of preachers living a lavish lifestyle on the backs of their parishioners who are led to believe they are supporting the Lord's work, I am sad to have to say it, but if ever there was a time to be guarded and suspicious, it is now.

It is because of the above scenarios that I have wanted to write this article for some time.



As a ministry, it has always been our commitment to keep our overhead to a minimum. Getting to know our donors has kept it all in perspective. From the family who lives in a trailer and donates the equivalent of an average mortgage and who wrote in apologizing that

they missed one month of giving due to a leg fracture and inability to work, to the seniors who have continued putting off retirement so they are able to send in their pledged monthly contribution, to the elderly woman who decided to half her ice cream budget so that she could feed the poor in Romania, such sacrificial giving often moves us to tears, and they are the testimonies that I share with the families and orphans we help abroad.

We understand that your giving is sacrificial and we would never take advantage of your trust!

While working on our year-end fiscal reporting, I was delighted to see the continued progress that we have made, reducing our overhead and getting as much money over to where it is genuinely needed most. For the year 2018, over 90% off all support received went to meeting our mission work in Romania and Ukraine, in direct support of the orphaned, widowed and impoverished, and to furthering the message of the Gospel in the USA.

Due to ever-increasing printing and mailing costs, in our newsletters, we are only able to feature a small number of families in every issue. These families represent only 5-10% of the needs we meet every month. Whenever a need for a featured family has been met, we simply move on the next comparable need.

For those of you who give for the “general fund” or “where needed most,” your giving not only allows

“Where Needed Most”

us to run our orphanage project and village outreach support consistently but it provides us with the blessing to meet emergent needs.

The following is the testimony of a family whose life we changed, within 24 hours, without having to wait two months to go to print or fundraise, due to the blessing of having finances in our general fund. This was one of the December projects that was deemed to be “where needed most.”

It was a brutally cold December day, and after driving in various wintery road conditions, my father says, “We will have to see how far up the hill we can make it on the ice.” The noise of my tires spinning in place made it pretty clear that we had gotten as far up as we were going to get before spring thaw. My

father pointed to a house off in the distance and said, “There, that’s the house we need to get to.” With food parcels and clothing in tow, we started the ¾ mile

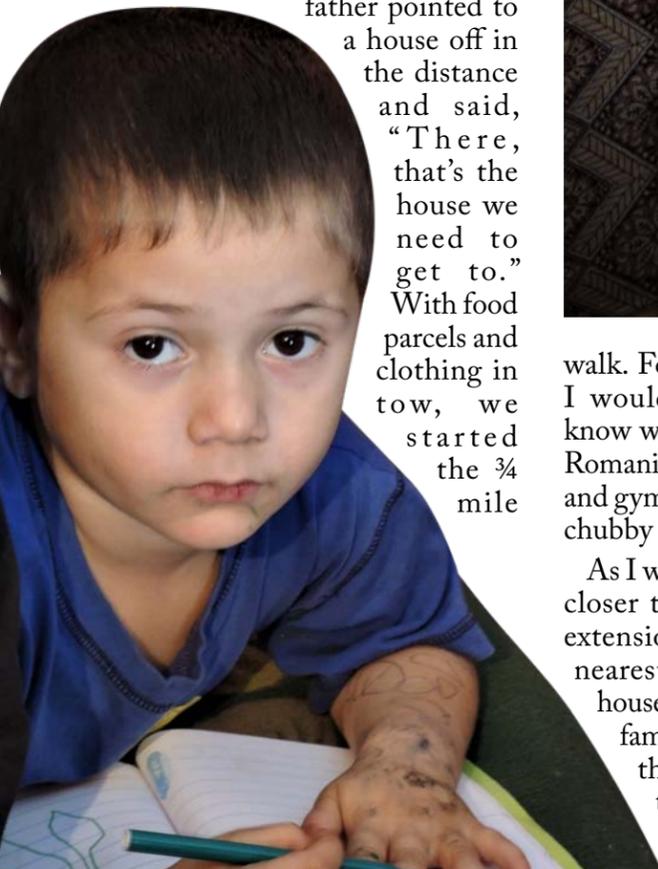


walk. For every few steps forward I would slide a couple back. I know what you are thinking, aren’t Romanians known for figure skating and gymnastics? Not this US-raised chubby city slicker.

As I was slowly, but surely, getting closer to the home, I noticed an extension cord running from the nearest neighbor’s home to the house in question. The Patrascanu family, related to the family from the “Prayers Heard” article, though only 25 minutes

from a large city, had to “borrow” electricity from the neighbor as they could not afford to get it installed. They had no running water, in fact, not even a well! The water they needed for cooking, drinking, laundry, bathing, was being hauled all the way from where we had parked our car, 2 buckets at a time.

Along with the extreme poverty they are facing, they also have to lovingly take extra care of Nicolae, their eldest, who has a form of aggressive autism.



“Where Needed Most”

After we had prayed with the family, my father asked if I would like to write an article about their need for a well. I could not picture a 7-month pregnant woman making the trek with two buckets of water multiple times a day on the extremely slippery terrain. As a result of your giving, and trust, we were able to just get it done. We immediately called a team of well diggers, and they had an opening the next day! We went back the following day to see the miracle unfold with our own eyes and to pay the workers.

Just \$800 out of the general fund has changed their quality of life for many years to come!

We are but simple channels that the Lord is using to touch His children, through your generosity. Thank you!

Daniel Boldea - Treasurer





It was a typical Sunday for the Morar family. Nothing out of the ordinary had taken place to warn them of what was just about to happen.

The children were home with their ailing grandmother, who at 82 is suffering from some light paralysis, but is still aware enough to engage with her grandchildren, and Alina, the mother, had gone to a neighbor's house to borrow a bottle of milk.



Life can change in an instant. Sometimes for good, but most often when life takes a sudden turn blindsiding us, it's usually for the worst. Even in the darkest hours, there are things to be thankful for as long as we rightly prioritize what matters most, and understand that some things we can live without, some things we can rebuild, while others, once gone, are gone forever.

It was while walking back toward the house that Alina noticed something odd as she looked at her small mud brick home. The smokestack wasn't smoking, the smokestack was on fire, and even before her brain could send signals to her feet to start running, Alina understood what was happening.

Her home had caught fire, and her four children and her mother were inside, unaware of what was happening.

Everyone was in the back room, because that's where the grandmother's bed was, and so, no one noticed the fire in the living room, a fire that was quickly eating away at everything, and growing in ferocity.

Alina ran toward the house, yelling as loud as her lungs would allow all the way, and by some miracle of grace managed to get all her children, as well as her mother to safety. They stood in their front yard, on a chilly February morning, watching their home and their possessions turn to ash, but grateful beyond measure that no one had been hurt and no one had perished.

In that instant, the entire Morar family understood what matters most, and though they had no idea what they would do, or where they would spend the night, they knew that at that moment, everyone being present and accounted for was the most important thing of all.

The home was built of timbers, and mud brick, having existed even before Alina's mother was born, and



once the fire had its way, nothing was left but some ash and smoldering wood. The fact that no one was hurt is a miracle so undeniable that even those who have no relationship with God call it something miraculous.

As God often has a way of doing, He provided a place for the Morar family to sleep that night by way of a house that was purchased in close proximity, to be used as a gathering place for prayer meetings and fellowship. One night turned into two, two nights turned into a week, and the church decided to allow the family to live in the house until they are either able to rebuild or find a new place to live.

Upon hearing of the situation, we purchased a ton of wood, brought clothing, shoes, blankets, bed linens, food, and everything else one might need when starting from scratch. As soon as the weather turns and it gets warm enough, there are a handful of brothers in town eager to tear down

the remains of the old Morar home and help them build a new home on the same site.

This family needs our help, as it will be impossible for Alina to rebuild all by herself. She was barely getting by as it was, devoting much of her time to Robi, her 11-year-old son who has Down syndrome, caring for her ailing mother, as well as supporting Anda who is 7, Anais who is 2, and her oldest son Ionut who is 22.

The Morar family survived a nightmare, one that could have been much worse given the situation, but now they find themselves having to depend on the kindness of strangers for their most basic of needs. Please keep this family as well as their needs in your prayers, and if the Lord leads you to help in any way, know that it is a worthwhile cause.

**In His Grace,
Hand of Help Staff**

I've been told by people I trust and love that I've grown contemplative in my twilight years. I can't say that they're wrong. Small details I would have readily glossed over thirty years ago stand out, flashing like a neon light in the dead of night. I can't help but be contemplative. I know that my best years are behind me, and if I'd only gotten older without acquiring some wisdom and different viewpoint in regards to everything surrounding me, including myself, it would have been a squandered existence.

God created man to see him grow, mature, turn gray, become wise, and grow in understanding, perhaps not in that order. We cannot see life through the same prism at 80 as we did at 20, no matter how much we might like to sometimes.

One recurring thought I've had of late and one that has made me more contemplative than usual is whether we as individuals would have done more for others, more for the Kingdom, had we known the outcome of our well doing. If you could see that Jesus would feed five thousand with the five barley loaves and two small fish you packed as your son's snack, would you maybe have included an apple, some carrots, maybe a nice slice of rhubarb pie?

Had you been able to pierce the veil and peer into the future to see that the kindness you showed the disheveled man on the street corner

who smelled of bacon wrapped anchovies left in the sun just a little too long led to him turning his life around, would you have sought him out sooner?

Had you been able to see the effect your prayers had on your loved ones, and that the cry of your heart and the tears you shed stirred God into action and called them to repentance, would you have spent more time in prayer and shed more tears?

Had you known the splendor of grace and the depths of God's love, would you have fallen at the foot of the cross sooner?

Everything is perfectly clear in hindsight. There are no ambiguities and no shadows. Once we come to the end of the road regarding a specific task, endeavor, project, or ministry, we see the journey. We might not see the end from the beginning as God does, but we can see patterns emerging if we look close enough, long enough.

This is how we can determine if we are using our time wisely. This is how we can decide whether we are sowing in fertile soil. This is how we can determine if the focus of our endeavors has the desired result.

Many needs still remain unmet here in Romania. They are needs ranging from the basic necessities such as food and clothing to sheep, goats, chickens, horses, wells, to building materials for churches and homes, and anything one can think of in between.

Some people need money for life-sustaining medicines, others, so their power doesn't get shut off, others require a pair of shoes because the ones they own have holes in them the size of quarters.

Yes, throughout the years there have been a handful of disappointments. There have been a few who attempted to abuse the goodwill of our ministry, there have been some who tried to take advantage of the kindness of others, but the number is minuscule in comparison to those whose lives were bettered, whose lives were saved, and whose lives were improved.

Had we known this is where the road would lead us would we still have started out on this journey? Most assuredly! The reason I am so confident is that this was not a journey we chose, but a journey to which we were called.

We knew little more than "God said," and it was enough. Decades later, the fact that God said is still enough, and we press on doing His work.

I do not have any other words but thank you for what you have helped this ministry accomplish throughout the years, and looking into the future, I know that the God who has brought us this far, will carry us through to the end.

**In Christ,
Pastor Mircea Boldea Sr.**



Anca (born in October 2003) and Daniela L. (born in June 2002), the sisters of Delia L. who joined our family in 2018, come from a family well-known to our ministry. Their family home had always been open to our teams whenever we used to visit the nearby villages to help the families in need. Aurica, their mother, insisted that she fed everyone that came through, regardless of the number of people. She was a hard working sister in Christ, and was our contact person for different situations that our brothers and sisters were confronted with in the villages surrounding Tudor Vladimirescu. Moreover, she used to travel with us every time to personally visit the families in need and pray with us over them.

She was a role model not only for her fourteen children but also for us and every other person that met her. She kept an impeccable house, always made sure she had cooked food for her family, and all the visitors that came by, and her storage room was full of homemade jars of jams, preserves, vegetables for winter, and so much more. Always

faithful, always grateful, she worked day by day to make sure she was a wife, a mother and an example to all, according to what Christ taught us to be.

The month of February, 2017 was when we received the terrible news. Following a massive stroke and months in a coma, the Lord had taken Aurica home and into eternal rest. The news was so sudden that most of the people could not even believe it. Eight of her fourteen children were still living at home, the youngest being only six years old. With the father at work all day trying to make ends meet, his children were left alone, with no one to help them. The older girls, teenagers themselves, had to take the maternal role for the younger ones. It was after a few months that the father, a hard-working individual working two shifts, realized that he would not be able to raise the children by himself and assist them in attending high school, the closest being almost 20 miles away.

Although having learned so much from their mother and trying their best to keep the house in place, it was soon obvious that the older girls

were doing all this at the cost of their own well-being, often times putting school on a secondary place and heading towards completely giving up their education.

When their father asked for our help, we immediately started working with local authorities to get the approval to welcome the sisters to our orphanage.

All three sisters have adjusted very quickly to our center and are exceptional role models to the younger girls. The girls started high-school in 2018 and are showing huge improvements with each passing day. For now, their desire is to become nurses.

Both Anca and Daniela, just like Delia, have learned from their mother to tend to all types of chores around a house and are always helping our staff with cleaning, cooking, mending clothes, etc.

Anca plays the guitar and Daniela the block flute in our orchestra. Please pray for these sisters; despite having lost their mother, mentor and role model, we believe that our Lord can fill the void in them and that a testimony of His Love and Sovereignty will arise from all these events.

The light of their mother shines through her daughters and oftentimes we are the ones being encouraged by their unmovable faith in God. We thank you for giving us the chance to help these young girls continue their path to maturity, making sure that they lack nothing and that they always have someone to rely on.

Dear Brethren,

Luke 10:19, *“Behold, I give you the authority to trample on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you.”*

The devil despises what he fears. He attempts to denigrate, disparage, defame, disgrace, and discredit what he knows can do him harm. When you see the devil attacking someone, when you see the devil trying to disprove something, it usually means he is terrified, and he is trying to proactively minimize the impact the teaching or individual might have.

We all know the devil roams about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour but what we must also understand is that he is more a hyena than he is lion. The devil is a scavenger far more than he is the king of this jungle because he knows that there are certain individuals he cannot touch.

In his arrogance and pride, he sees himself as a lion, but when he happens to run across the right kind of Christian, he is reminded of just how impotent he is, and that infuriates him to no end. There is nothing more humiliating for the devil than to be presented with his own impotence.

Certain individuals are beyond the devil’s ability to devour. There are certain individuals he downright fears because of what they have tapped into. The devil fears no man because of who the man is, but he fears certain men because of who their Lord is, and the authority they know how to wield in His Name.

A powerless Christian is no threat to the devil. We can have Hillsong on repeat until the stars fall from the heavens and still the worst the devil might do is bob his head to the rhythm. There may be an emotional reaction to a Hillsong ballad, but there is no underlying power. It doesn’t make the

devil flee. It does not compel spirits to come out of those who are oppressed, and it does not strike fear in the heart of our adversary.

Sure, it’s nice to listen to, but in the grand scheme of things, it’s just nice to listen to.

The devil fears power. Not the power of human will, not the power of the human physique, but the power of God, as manifest through the gifting of the Holy Spirit. Why do you think one of his most ardent campaigns is against the gifts and power of the Holy Spirit? Do you think it’s a coincidence? Do you believe it to be happenstance?

Understand, that though the devil may roam about he is nevertheless purposeful in what he does. We have to find the balance between giving the enemy too much credit, and too little credit, and focus more on his intent rather than his ability or inability to carry out his plans and machinations.

The fact that he wants your destruction ought to be enough of a motivator to get you to discover what he fears, then do your utmost to acquire it to the fullest. If I have a mortal enemy and discover the one thing that can do him harm, the one thing he is terrified of, I will not be dissuaded by naysayers or those who insist it’s no longer on the market. I would scour the earth, do my utmost, and commit myself to acquire that which can deter my enemy because I want to live.

For the life of me, I can’t understand Christians that give up so quickly on seeking out the gifts of the Holy Spirit, knowing that it is the empowering of the Holy Spirit that terrifies the enemy so.

“So and so said it’s no longer attainable, or available.”

“Well, good enough for me. Guess we’d just better play dead and hope the

devil passes us by.”

But what about what Jesus said? What about what Paul said? What about what Peter said? Do we discount all the writings of Scripture because one man, two men, ten men, or a whole gaggle of men determined that the Son of God along with His disciples lied?

Let’s be honest. That’s what it boils down to. To deny the continued work of the Holy Spirit, to deny the gifting and power of the Holy Spirit is to call Jesus, Peter, and Paul liars. Let’s not beat around the bush. We’ve had enough of that in Christendom for far too long.

To hear some of these guys talk you’d think you were listening to a schizophrenic with multiple personalities.

“Nothing is impossible to our God! Well, except this one thing, this critical thing, this thing He promised would be with us and in us until the end of time! But other than that, nothing is impossible!”

Either you fear the devil, or the devil fears you. There are no other options. Either you believe there is power in the blood of Christ, there is power in His Name, and His servants are imbued with power from on high to do battle against the darkness, or you believe yourself to be as powerless as the godless, no more than prey, quarry, game to be taken and disposed of at the devil’s pleasure.

Conqueror or conquered! These are your only two choices. Whether or not you are in possession of what the devil fears will determine which you will be in the end.

Romans 8:37, “Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us.”

**With love in Christ,
Michael Boldea Jr.**